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WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1914.

It looks as if an aviator is born every second.

Money will buy about everything except love and experience.

The world is getting ready to absord another crop of graduates.

It appears that the New Haven directors did just as they were directed.

One trouble with Mexico seems to be that she has too many leaders.

Get busy now and swat the fly and you won't be bothered by and by.

In the musty lexicon of the Senate there is no such word as haste.

Oh, dear. The editor of the leading suffragist paper in England is a man.

The man who paid $1,570 for Martin Luther's Bible probably will never read it.

Politics makes strange bedfellows, and occasionally it makes strange cellmates.

We think it will be conceded that Col. Roosevelt is the leviathan of Salt Creek.

Canada is wondering why there is not talk in this country of annexing Mexico.

If he is convicted a few more times, Lieut. Becker may begin to suspect that he is guilty, after all.

In a few weeks Col. Roosevelt will be trying to find a new tribe of Bull Moose in Pennsylvania.

A man of seventy-six married a girl of seventeen in Boston the other night. Yep; a goose mated with a chicken.

A man develops an acute sense of hearing when he begins to suspect that his friends are about to urge him to run for office.

There are South Carolinians who see nothing absurd in their wondering why the governor of California doesn't enforce the laws.

Tangoers at Coney Island on Sunday kicked a wallet containing $2,000 around for an hour and a half before a spectator restored it to the Colorado miner who had dropped it. No regular tangoer is going to stop tangoing for any $2,000.

Milwaukee is bragging about the remarkable talent of a twelve-year-old schoolgirl who writes fiction. It is proudly announced that her works are soon to be published. We have a distinct impression, however, that a lot of her stories have been circulating as literature for a long time.

Mexico City's supply of fresh fish from the Gulf has been cut off and guests of the hotels and restaurants complained so bitterly of the steady serving of canned salmon as a fish course that the proprietors have been compelled to procure trout for them from the mountain streams. War is indeed all that Gen. Sherman described it.

Rev. Bouck White, who interrupted the services and caused a riot in a New York church because he didn't like the Rockefellers, is painting the Queens County jail, where he is serving a sentence of six months. Another prisoner, Sweet Marie Ganz, the I. W. W. firebrand, is leading a dozen women prisoners who are engaged in spring cleaning. New York has a lot more jails and a lot more disturbers of the class of the Rev. Bouck and "Sweet Marie."

During the municipal ownership hearing before the House District Committee yesterday Representative Reed, of New Hampshire, declared that the District of Columbia is run by the Monday Evening Club, while Representative Caraway, of Arkansas, insisted it was the Tuesday Evening Club. Isn't it possible that it is the Wednesday or the Friday club? At any rate the District is not run by the clubs the Representatives mentioned.

A militant suffragette applied to a London magistrate for a warrant for an unknown man whom she accused of striking her during a riotous demonstration, when the police came to the rescue of the women. "Some day," said the magistrate, "an exasperated crowd will break into a procession of militants. What will then happen to you women nobody knows at present. You have to thank the police for being alive, you owe them a debt of gratitude." The magistrate's remarks merely suggest another mystery as to the British policy of dealing with the wild women. Why wasn't police protection for their lawless assemblies long since withdrawn?

A woman has been sentenced to death by electrocution in New York for a cold-blooded murder. The usual efforts to save her were being made even before sentence was pronounced. As public sentiment and custom have decreed that women are no longer to be put to death for murder, the result being that they often escape punishment altogether, is it not time to change the laws so that capital punishment for murder shall be provided for the male sex and life imprisonment for the female? Laws thus amended, even though in conflict with the equal rights movement, could at least be accorded respect, where they are now circumvented or overridden, and women might be expected to recognize that they cannot kill with impunity.

Col. Roosevelt's Visit.

Theodore Roosevelt, renowned as President of the United States, great as an American citizen, was given the cordial welcome he deserved yesterday when he paid Washington a visit that was brief but, as always, filled with incident. Ten hours of the colonel in action is as a week in the average human life. His friends here, meaning everybody, rejoiced in his splendid mental and bodily vigor and apparent robust health, after his protracted physical trials; for in appearance and action he was "fit."

Col. Roosevelt gathered no end of political information from his own followers and many others with whom he found time to talk, all of which even the colonel will be forced to take time to digest. Impatient as every one must be to know his opinions and his program, they will have to exercise their patience while he takes his bearings.

As for the stories of his travels and explorations in South America, related to the members of the National Geographic Society, it goes without saying that this great and privileged audience received him with unbounded enthusiasm and listened to his thrilling narative with profound interest. He needs no sponsor in Washington and his descriptions of what he saw and discovered carry their own proof in the fact that they come from his own lips. In America there will be none to seriously cast doubt upon his claims. In the eyes of his countrymen, no matter how he may be regarded as a statesman, so far as his explorations are concerned, he is judge, jury and international board of arbitration all in his own person.

Washington is honored in being first to hear him tell of his adventures. Its verdict is rendered and nothing will change it.

Zapata Wants a Hand.

An opportunity presents itself to the Niagara Falls mediation party to make real progress by simply eliminating the agrarian land question from the program and substituting therefor Gen. Emiliano Zapata. Plainly the agrarian land question can only clog the wheels of mediation, with no possibility of a solution of it within the allotted years of any person now living, even if it were any of our business, or in the remotest way connected with any of our grievances or responsible for the presence of armed United States forces in Vera Cruz.

On the other hand, there is a smooth-running sound about the very name of Emiliano Zapata that suggests oil in the bearings or the soft purr of four perfectly adjusted cylinders promising speed and comfort. How perfectly Emiliano Zapata fits into the machinery with Victoriano Huerta, Venustiano Carranza, and Pancho Villa. Surely it must be an important part of it; how can it run without it?

And there is not a single reason for leaving it out. We are informed that an "agent of Gen. Emiliano Zapata and the junta in charge of the Zapata movement in Central and Southern Mexico is here, and at the suggestion of Secretary Bryan has laid before President Wilson and the State Department information intended to controvert statements that Zapata is merely a bandit and that his followers are a horde of freebooters." While Zapata and Carranza are not actually allied, they have the same ideals and are working in concert, Secretary Bryan was informed. Of course, we couldn't think of letting the representatives of bandits and freebooters into the Niagara Falls party; but, Zapata and his followers are nothing of the sort, and they want a hand and a stack of chips.

By all means let Zapata in and throw out the agrarian land question.

Borah Suggests a Platform.

The most significant and earnest gathering of Republicans since that party went out of power, over fourteen months ago, was held in Detroit yesterday, described as a Michigan Republican State welfare conference. Party leaders from all over the State were present and Senator William Alden Smith presided. Aside from the painting of a very gloomy picture of the effect of Democratic policies chief importance attached to the address of Senator Borah, of Idaho, a regular Republican of progressive ideas, who held up for inspection the outlines of a platform on which the two elements of his party were invited to stand together and work for its restoration. His principles, sound and incontrovertible, there was a decided progressive tilt to his specifications, so far as they went, though they contained nothing that any patriotic Republican believing in his party's wisdom and superior ability to govern could refuse to indorse. All that is needed is a candidate acceptable to both elements, and on this subject Senator Borah was silent, though current rumor credits him with ambitions of his own.

The Senator prefaced his remarks with the confident assertion that "the Republican party is coming back to power; the proof of it is on every hand; the trend is unmistakable." Later on he uttered this warning:

No man living in this splendid age, amid these exhilarating environments, can afford to permit the corroding poison of pessimism to enter his soul. But, on the other hand, the curse of our age is that cold, cruel, selfish conservatism which, living in its ease and comfort, enjoying wealth and all it brings, refuses to see or sympathize with the conditions of those who, in the midst of a world of plenty, are bordering on the line of hunger and misery; who refuse to see the new conditions or the new problems which must be met and dealt with in the same spirit and with the same courage and progressiveness that our fathers met the problems of their age. The great and almost superhuman task, my friends, is not the gathering of wealth, but its fair and equitable distribution.

Distinctly progressive doctrine and differing no whit from the creed recited by the Democrats at Baltimore and on the stump. Principles enough, surely, from which careful artisans could construct a platform on which regular and progressive would unite and "catch some flies."

Roosevelt could run on it and so could Taft, but not both of them.

Statesmen's Hopes Shattered.

Some members of Congress from distant States, it seems, have been sadly disappointed in their efforts to find jobs for constituents under the District government. One of the "gentlemen from Arkansas" complained at a public hearing yesterday: "If you want to discharge a public official here there are citizens' association meetings in every neighborhood, and loud protests against any such action." Another one wailed: "There are 1,600 employes not under the civil service rules. You could not dislodge one, no matter how you tried. I have heard of a Congressman who was informed by the Commissioners that the District is not a dumping ground for Congressional incompetents." Slowly we are discovering the reason for so much hostility toward the government and people of the District of Columbia by men serving their first term in the House of Representatives. Still, Washington ought to be told the name of the courageous District Commissioner who refused to remove competent employes to make room for the friends of the budding statesmen who landed in Washington bursting with the patriotic sentiment that "public office is a private snap."

One More Pan.

By EMORY J. HAYNES.

"Charley" Burgess is no longer a young man. The gold diggings of Colorado will miss "Charley" before many years. He is mortal yet, he seems almost a part of the hills, so long has he been prospecting there. Fortune has come and gone, more often gone, with the aged miner. It is not supposed that he is very rich, though he has uncovered much riches in his time. Burgess was "panning" in some leavings last week and found nothing of value in a long day's work. The sun was setting. It was time to quit. "But I'll try one more pan," he sighed. The last pan showed $5 and $10 nuggets, enough to feed him for months.

The story Burgess told that night has often been told. It is generally "one more pan" that brings results. It is not now to harp on the familiar marvel, but to ask about the grit that tries one more pan. Whence comes it? Is it born in some men but generally left out? Can it be acquired, taught or trained? If one lacks such deathless perseverance must he meekly surrender?

There is a man who always springs eagerly to the first effort. Often he carries things by the initial assault. He has his value. But of him we are not inquiring. The man who hopes to the last, and tries just once more, and yet once more, how got he that characteristic?

It is easy to answer that he was born so. But that is not a helpful reply. The fact is that the human will is, to a degree, subject to the human reason. If it is reasonable to try again the will should give the order. If that is a correct statement of how our mind powers stand related, it would seem that good judgment was the most account of all. The miner exercised sound reasoning. He had panned out many a dollar from "tailings." Why not here? Most men do not take sufficient account of good judgment when calling on their reserve grit.

Two years ago a woman was lost in the Maine forests around her summer cottage. She explained how she escaped by saying: "When I began to lose hope I sat down to think." Then she got up to put into execution the verdict of her reason, always saying to herself, "I will try once more." She reasoned on the course of a brook, on the sounds of a distant railway engine's whistle, on the western shadows. No matter, however, the data of her logic, the most important result was that she escaped hysteria by it and commanded her own grit.

Hope always hangs its precious lantern over the "one pan more." Hope is involuntary, or well-nigh so. Man does not need to call on his hope. It is like his breath, like his living heart throbs. Hope seems to have access to nerve centers, though hope is a quality of immaterial mind. Hope often moves our muscles, and we know not what kindly force impels us. Faith is subject to the reason and the will. But is not hope different?

We do not command ourselves to hope. We just hope. It is a part of our vitality. It lifts, inspires, nerves us. It is as indefinite as life itself. It is an inseparable function of a sound mind. The ceaseless struggle of hope, on the invisible battlefield of the mind, is one of the wonders of creation.

Hope resists despair, it attacks its foe again and again. Without our asking we, who despaired one moment, are strangely hopeful the next moment. The quick shifts of the contest go on within us, and we seem to be but spectators. Hope prevails, thank kind heaven, most of the time. Perfect despair is rare, indeed.

As a last resort, the hands or feet can be set to their task like a machine, and the mind may even go to sleep. The soldier's weary limbs march on, though his thoughts are far away. Pathetic stories we used to hear, of that great war, how the citizen soldiers put hands on each other's shoulders and tramped many a mile in slumber.

Does not some exhausted man read this who is "going through the motions" of business, these days, without high courage or cheer? He keeps going, though the vision ahead is blank. And who shall tell how the mother works mechanically, because of the ever present duty, yet as one without sensations, sad or glad? The last effort of most successes is of this unswerving type.

The gold has no affections. It will not call nor stretch out its hands of welcome. It is a dead thing. And often to get the gold we must descend ourselves to work as one dead. It is the dreadful equation of the unknown quantity.

Yet sure as the algebra of our school books is the algebra of life. Was there ever keener pleasure than when the figures came out right and we signed the paper with our proudest flourish?

We are obliged to you, Charley Burgess, with gray hair and the well-worn pan. The best zest of life is in your motto, "I will try one pan more." May your last pan contain "gold that waxeth not old," eternal in the heavens.

Mexico's Peril.

The unnamed naval officer, who, in a letter written to Senator John Sharp Williams, wrote that "there are fewer jingoes in the army and navy than anywhere else," certainly understood what campaigning in the rainy season in Mexico would mean to a land force. Even the skill of a Gorgas could not prevent a heavy morcality from sickness.—New York Sun.

Common Kind of Demagogism.

Senator Borah, of Idaho, commits a common kind of demagogism when he says, "The question of national honor does not repose in the keeping of the Carnegie Peace Foundation." This kind of argument against the repeal of the Panama tolls exemption might properly come from a Police Court pettifogger. It does not in any way touch the merits of the case.—New York World.

Advice to the Vice President.

Vice President Marshall wants more "God Almighty" injected into public education. Moreover, he announces his intention of joining the Socialists as soon as that organization becomes a "friend of the church." The Vice President would do well to review his lessons in the teachings of the founders of this republic, if he has ever given them any study in the past.—Houston Post.

Senate Needs Mr. Root.

Senator Root's strong desire and resolve to leave public life at the end of his term in the Senate are well known. But the Republican party and the country may well protest against this deserved furlough. Where else shall they look for the mastery of public business, the knowledge of constitutional and international law, the long experience, the unerring judgment, the authority of a great intellect in its prime applied to affairs? The Republican party needs Mr. Root. Congress and the country need indispensably his knowledge, sagacity, prudence, patriotism, and wisdom. It must be admitted with regret that in regard to foreign affairs the administration is sadly to seek. The Senate is by no means rich, is, in fact, lamentably scanty, in high talents and statesmanlike capacities. It cannot spare Elihu Root.—New York Sun.

Statesmen, Real and Near.

By FRED C. KELLY.

In making parliamentary rulings in the House of Representatives, the Speaker is governed largely by precedent. The plan of going according to precedent is in itself a matter of precedent. Thus the Speaker is not so much concerned with what is the best line of procedure right now as with what was done in such a situation a great many years ago—just as a lawyer trying to settle a ditch case will get down a set of books and try to find what Vespasian or Moses would have done in similar circumstances.

From time to time, when the Speaker becomes too bored with his job of presiding to stand it any longer, he slides out and appoints some other member to stay in juxtaposition to the lid until he returns. Almost any member is tickled half to death to do this, just as every little child, when playing school, wants to be the teacher and sit up in front with a big stick.

Now if a number of years ago, a crazy man happened to be in the chair for the moment, and made aruling on some new angle of parliamentary discussion, that ruling would form a precedent. If the same situation arose in the House today, Bennett Clark, the parliamentary clerk, searching for a precedent would dig up that crazy man's ruling in less time than it takes here to tell it—for a mightily efficient and wise young person is Bennett Clark.

A few days ago Mr. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, of Oklahoma, was in the chair. Mr. "Alfalfa Bill" used to be speaker of the house in Oklahoma, and knows a good deal about parliamentary law. Before he left the chair he made an Oklahoma ruling. There arose a dispute on the floor as to whether a certain amendment was in order. Acting according to the precedents at hand, Murray ruled that the precedent was in order. Then some member gayly offered an amendment to the amendment, and Murray said that would be all right, too. This provoked further disputation on the floor and nearly everybody was disagreeing with somebody else.

"As a matter of fact," commented Acting Speaker Murray, "I am convinced that neither the amendment nor the amendment to the amendment was in order at all, but I have ruled that both were in order, and so we are going to proceed this afternoon on that basis."

If we were a cartoonist, the first thing we would do would be to draw a picture of Senator John Sharp Williams' face as it looked on the street car a few mornings ago.

Senators who persist in riding on street cars along with the general run of people, instead of dashing about in large, richly upholstered limousine cars, simply have to stand for the consequences; and that is what John Sharp Williams was doing that morning.

A brisk young man with the air of a person who keenly desires something, sat down in the vacant seat beside Williams and began to engage him in conversation.

"I've been wanting to see you for a long time about a matter," began the young man, and his face beamed. But Williams' face did not beam.

"Here's something that will interest you," went on the young man, chuckling, and slapping his thigh with one hand, while he pulled a dull looking document from an inside pocket with the other.

The young man read a few passages from the document while the Senator intently studied the language of a corset advertisement at the top of the car.

"Can you beat that?" gurgled the young man. "Now the position our people take in the matter is—"

And he was pulling another dreary looking paper from his pocket.

By that time everybody in the car was fascinated by the look on John Sharp Williams' face. It wore an expression that should have been preserved to posterity, with some such title as this:

"Portrait Study of a Man Looking Entirely Disinterested."

"Uncle Hank" Barnhart, member of Congress from Indiana, is a great mimic and also likes to go to church. In addition, he has an exceptionally good memory. He can go to church and memorize the entire sermon. Every Sunday Barnhart returns to his hotel full of enthusiasm over the sermon he has just heard, and starts in to repeat it word for word just as the man said it. He gives not only a verbatim report of the sermon, but has the minister's every intonation and gesture.

The consequence of this is that Barnhart is practically the only person at this hotel who ever goes to church. All the others figure that there is little use going when they can sit on the front veranda and have the sermon fetched right to them by Barnhart.

Ambassador Da Gama, of Brazil, one of the mediators of the Mexican mix-up, studies paintings and sculptures in his leisure moments.

Minister Naon, of Argentina, another of the Mexican mediators, collects rare coins.

Uncle Jeremiah Donovan, member of Congress from Connecticut, is a great kidder in a quiet, serious way. One afternoon a visitor dropped into his office and offered him a cigar. Donovan explained that he doesn't smoke.

"Mebby your secretary smokes," suggested the caller, affably.

"Mebby he does," observed Donovan: "he doesn't do anything else."

New York Hotel Arrivals.

New York, May 26.—Washingtonians arrived and registered as follows:

Broadway Central—R. A. Bogley.
Manhattan—F. J. Buchanan, E. L. Leonard.
Grand—Mrs. J. M. Burroughs, N. C. Kloman, J. D. McKelder, G. F. Morghead, Mrs. C. I. Werentaker.
Marlborough-Blenheim—P. Hartman, Mrs. P. Hartman.
Continental—J. House, Mrs. J. House, W. H. Johnston.
York—H. A. Jaffe.
Navarre—W. H. Kadisky, W. S. Cochrell.
Park Avenue—F. Lewis.
Earlington—E. M. Parker.
Flanders—N. J. Peters.
Wallick—J. H. Ratford, G. W. Reiff, B. M. Spencer, H. C. Purdue, Mrs. H. C. Purdue.
Sherman Square—A. C. Hansen.
Empire—Mrs. E. B. Hayne
Herald Square—C. P. Herring.
St. Dennis—O. S. King, Mrs. O. S. King.
Murray Hill—Mrs. A. M. Mueller.
Van Cortland—A. W. Ripley.

Baltimore Arrivals.

Baltimore arrivals were as follows: J. Anderson, Wallick; L. B. Barford, Manhattan; G. E. Eddy, Murray Hill; Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Greenfield, York; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Harly, Aberdeen; C. Herbert, Longacre; E. F. Horn, Hoffman House; G. W. Kraus, Navarre; W. R. Lohmeyer, Bristol; A. Morris, Flanders; W. Morrison Herald Square; P. L. Oreman, Marlborough-Blenheim; C. W. Saulsburg, E. M. Smith, Grand; H. Sonntag, Navarre; N. H. Sterling, Park Avenue; S. J. Thuatt, H. W. Thuatt, Grand; H. J. Tieran, Herald Square; C. R. Tuckerman, Navarre; J. L. Vallely, Flanders; J. V. Vollenweider, Arlington; A. L. Doll, Longacre; J. J. Gilbert, Algonquin; M. R. Hickey, Herald Square; Mrs. A. Horn, Webster; F. P. Komenda, Marlborough-Blenheim; L. M. Law, Hoffman House; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morgan, Webster; C. Parsons, Van Cortland; Mrs. H. S. Penn, Webster; T. C. Satterfield, Navarre, and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Watson, York.

HISTORY BUILDERS.

A Clear-Headed Southern Railroad Promoter.

(Written Expressly for The Herald.)

By DR. E. J. EDWARDS.

In the early spring of 1894 John H. Reagan spent a week at Old Point Comfort, Va. He was worn out with his long-continued labors in Congress and with the work which he had undertaken for perfecting the legislation which at last was embodied in the interstate commerce act. So thoroughly was Mr. Reagan identified with the work that for a long time the law was known as the Reagan interstate commerce law. Mr. Reagan, two or three years later, was elected Senator from Texas, but it was never my privilege to meet him after he entered the United States Senate. In fact, he did not serve out his term, but resigned some three years after he took his seat for the purpose of accepting the chairmanship of the Texas State railroad commission.

Reagan was a man who possessed an extraordinary gift of attracting every one with whom he came in contact by his personality, his intelligence and a certain indescribable charm of speech and manner. His fine physique may have been in part the cause of the favorable impression which he made upon all with whom he was brought in touch.

It seemed to me that Mr. Reagan was not especially fond of speaking in a reminiscent way of his experience while serving as a member of Jefferson Davis' cabinet during the entire life of the Confederacy. This reticence, however, was due exclusively to the fact that Mr. Reagan looked to the future and was profoundly concerned with affairs of the present. The past for him was a closed book.

One day I asked him if he had not served for a time as secretary of the treasury in the cabinet of Jefferson Davis. It was my impression that I had heard from a distinguished member of Congress from Arkansas, Clifford Breckenridge, who was the son of John C. Breckenridge, that Mr. Reagan had served in that capacity.

"In the last four or five months of the existence of the Confederate government at Richmond," replied Mr. Reagan. "I was called upon by Mr. Davis to serve as acting secretary of the treasury. It was necessary for him to take some action of that kind because Robert R. Bridgers, of North Carolina, whom Mr. Davis had nominated for secretary of the treasury, had declined the honor."

That was all Mr. Reagan would say in reply to the question I put to him. The mention of Mr. Bridger's name seemed to awaken another train of thought with him for he continued:

"You know Mr. Bridgers? He is, in my opinion, as able a man as is to be found in the South. Why, he took the old Weldon Railroad, a vital link between Richmond and the South, and a very strategic line during the civil war, and actually saved it from complete bankruptcy.

"Bridgers had recommended that the Weldon Railroad Company at the time of the war invest all its surplus earnings in cotton, so that it would have abundant means with which to repair the inevitable damages occasioned by the war after the war was ended. That suggestion was a very wise one, and it led to the unanimous election of Mr. Bridgers as the president of this line immediately after the war closed. He had the foresight to see that the line would be a vital link in a railroad system operated under one control and running from Richmond, or possibly Washington, to Wilmington and Charleston and the far South. He was well worthy of example, since he began as soon as the war was over the work of material reconstruction. To him the South owes much of the beneficial influence which made its material reconstruction possible. He is a very able man."

Tomorrow Dr. Edwards will tell "How Tilden Made Good a Political Obligation."

Morning Smiles.

Accurately Described.

Willie—Paw, what is a henpecked husband?

Paw—a man whose nerve is in his wife's name, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dressing the Part.

"I hear Wombat is a gentleman farmer now."

"Right up to the notch, too. Puts evening dress on all his scarecrows every day at dusk."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Specifications.

Tom—Do you know what I am going to buy you for your birthday present?"

Kitty—No, only I'm sure it will be something new, stylish, and elegant and awfully expensive. You dear, reckless boy, you!"—Chicago Daily News.

Easy Profits.

"How's your play?"

"A great success. My creditors are all coming to see if I am making money, and through their patronage I am."—Pittsburgh Post.

Hard to Please.

O see the man with gloomsome face—
What makes that guy so sad?
His wife is writing from some place
That she is feeling bad.

The other gink with brow so black—
Has he heard some one's knell?
He just left home; he's starting back—
His frau feels far too well.

—Chicago Evening Post.

Nothing on the President.

Apropos of the human side of President Wilson, the President was out for a ride in his automobile one afternoon. The machine passed a small boy standing beside the road.

"Did you notice what that boy did when we passed?" the President asked.

"No, Mr. President; I did not."

"He made faces at me."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the shocked companion. "I didn't observe him."

"He did," said the President; "but did you notice what I did?"

"No, sir."

"Well," answered the President happily, "I made a face right back at him!"—Saturday Evening Post.

He Didn't Have It.

"I don't quite see the point of that remark of yours," said Mr. Skinner, the grocer, as he tied up the package of sugar.

"What remark was that?" asked the customer.

"You just remarked that some men had an off-hand way of doing things, and you wished I was one."

"Yes; I wished to remind you that your hand was on the sugar when you weighed it."—Exchange.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' th' Year.

Written Expressly for The Herald.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.

For those who gloat on prospects dark
and glum
Perhaps 'tis true, "the worst is yet to come."
But as for me,
To drive away forbodings troublesome,
The poet's motto suits me to a T.
Who, joyous, wrote, "THE BEST IS YET TO BE!"

Political Procession.

By F. B. G.

A Republican visitor from Indiana is a rarity in Washington these days, and when the Hon. J. Hemenway, late Senator from Boonville, came upon the scene of former greatness he found few Hoosiers to do him honor.

He did find thirteen Democrats doing business for Indiana and the nation in the House, where twenty years ago thirteen Republicans were doing very well and promising to stay on the job a long time. The Hon. Hemenway found a Democratic Vice President from Indiana presiding in the Senate, where less than seven years ago he saw a Republican from Indiana doing business with the gavel. Also the Hemenway visitor saw two Democratic Senators, where he and the bounding Beveridge had once upheld the Hoosier glory.

What wonder the first citizen of Boonville was a bit blue; but he ventured the prediction that another year would find him less lonesome during a visit to Washington and that he might even find a Hoosier on the Senate side.

During the Hemenway visit some one asked what had became of Alex Hardy, who came to Congress in the 1894 campaign, and it developed that Hardy is now busy as a lawyer in Los Angeles. He had but a single term in the House, but made an impression and kept things moving. Hardy had a varied career. Born in Canada, he came across the line with the avowed intention of entering politics and going to Congress. First of all, he lost no time in becoming a citizen, then went to New Orleans for four years of journalism, and then blessed Natchez, Miss., with a Republican newspaper for four years, which was about all Natchez could stand. Anyhow, the struggle won Hardy the appointment as collector of the port under Grant, the best Federal job on the list, and when Grant retired Hardy hiked to Daviess County, Ind., and really began practicing law, also politics. It took just ten years for Hardy to entangle himself with the Republican organization enough to win the nomination for Congress, when no other Republican thought election possible. Hardy won in the general upheaval of that year, but failed to connect in the next campaign. A few years longer in Daviess County failed to offer further political honors to Hardy, and he went to California, with old Hoosier friends wondering why he does not come to Congress or get in the headlines with a general stirring up of things along the Pacific. One reason may be that he is sixty-seven years old, and possibly a bit discouraged.

* * * *

Oddly enough, as was recalled by Senator Hemenway, every member but one of the thirteen Republicans chosen in 1894 are living and active. The one exception is Jesse Overstreet, the youngest of all, who died four years ago after fourteen years' service. Hemenway was a member of the House, and with him was Hardy, from an adjoining district.

Tracewell, later Solicitor of the Treasury, now living in Washington, came from Corydon. Jim Watson came from Rushville, which is yet his home, and he has since been the nominee for governor and whip of the House. Henry U. Johnson served many terms from the Richmond district, and remains a resident of the fine old Quaker town and is not yet sixty-five years old.

Charles L. Henry is a traction line magnate at Anderson, and Faris is a lawyer at Terre Haute. Hanley continues active at Williamsport, and since leaving Congress, like Watson, has run for governor, and, unlike Watson, was elected in the days when Indiana Republicans were doing things.

Jethro Hatch was a doctor at Kentland when sent to Washington, and in recent years has been practicing his profession at Victoria, Tex.

George Steele, of Marion, has been commandant of a soldiers' home in Indiana since leaving Congress, and Joe Leighty, of St. Joe, returned to his big manufacturing plant when public service ended.

Lemuel Royse had two terms, and since then has kept on with law and fidelity to the Republican cause at Warsaw.

It is counted as rather remarkable that so many of a State delegation survive after twenty years, while Ohio, with a delegation of twenty-one, laments the death of nine members.

"NO SMOKING."

When railways were a novelty the companies vigorously enforced their anti-smoking laws. The Great Western Company once caught a tartar. The station master at Didcot removed a passenger from an "up" express train and handed him over to the police on a charge of smoking to the annoyance of a fellow-traveler. Next day the prisoner was brought before the magistrate, and when asked what he had to say in answer to the charge he replied:

"Gentlemen, the offence took place in the County of Wilts, whereas I am now charged in Berkshire. I am a solicitor; I was specially engaged in a case which I shall now miss, and I shall sue the company for detaining me. I respectfully hold that you in this county have no jurisdiction over what occurred in another county."

He was released, and he did sue the company and got £50 damages.

The first smoking-carriage was introduced on the Eastern Counties Railway in September, 1846.—Tit-Bits.

THE OPEN FORUM.

Herald Readers Express Their Views on Current Topics.

To the Editor: One of the most meritorious District bills now before Congress is Senate bill 4828, Sixty-third Congress, second session, which provides for the opening of our public schools for use as civic and social centers. The bill has passed the Senate and is now in the House District Committee. When enacted into law, it will do much for the civic development of Washington. Its objects are explained in an excellent report by Senator Hollis (Senate report No. 391), copies of which can be obtained, it is thought, from the Librarian of the Public Library, or from the Senate District Committee. This report includes a notable address on the subject by former Gov. Wilson, of New Jersey, on "The Social Center: a Means of Common Understanding;" also, an address by Mr. Edward J. Ward, of the University of Wisconsin, who started this movement in Rochester, N. Y., in 1907.

The possibilities of the movement are indicated in the following suggestive extracts from President Wilson's address:

"You cannot have liberty where men do not want the same liberty; you cannot have it where they are not in sympathy with one another; you cannot have it when they do not understand one another; you cannot have it when they are not seeking common things by common means; you simply cannot have it. We must study the means by which these things are produced. * * * That, I understand it, in its simplest terms, is the civic center movement—that the schoolhouses might be made the place of meeting—in short, where by meeting each other the people of a community might know each other, and by knowing each other might concert a common life, a common action."

It is not surprising that civic spirit and community feeling are at a low ebb in this disfranchised city of Washington. The only local institution which seems to awaken much enthusiasm is the Washington baseball team. The opening of the public school in each section of the city for social entertainments and for the free discussion of public questions will mark the dawn of a new era, judging by the experience of other cities. If we cannot vote here, let us at least take the first step toward democracy by establishing free platforms and encouraging free discussions.

WILLIAM D. MACKENZIE.

The Observance of Sunday.

To the Editor: Permit me to submit a few words for the consideration of those who oppose the religious observance of Sunday and whose views were expressed in the article which recently appeared in The Open Forum over the signature of Mr. John D. Bradley, president of the Washington Secular League.

First—Sunday is distinctively a religious institution. Its origin was religious. Without such origin it would never have existed.

Second—For its preservation, as well as for its origin, the world is under obligation to the church of God. It would not now be even a holiday had it not been first a holy day. And but for Christian influences, expressed in custom and law, effecting the preservation of this religious institution, those who now oppose it as a holy day could not enjoy it as a holiday. If those who in the past shared their secular ideas had prevailed we all should now be working seven days in the week.

Third—The purpose of Sunday being religious, as indicated by its origin and history, it contributes to the interests of those who believe they are spiritual beings, having a moral nature requiring the help which such a day of rest from the ordinary affairs of life may afford. They have a right to be protected in that belief and to have the day preserved for that purpose. The number of actual communicants in the churches, together with their families, and the natural adherent constituency of the various religious bodies in our nation are vastly in the majority.

Fourth—If Sunday is not a holy day, why is it a holiday? Those who deny the existence in themselves of moral and spiritual qualities, or the need for their development, may regard themselves as exempt from any obligation to a religious observance of Sunday. But why should they observe it all? What significance has it? As a holiday what does it commemorate? Or, would they do away with it entirely? This would be the only consistent position for them to take. But I hope they will not take it; for I do not believe they would want to live in a community or in a country in which all the moral and religious influences centering in and flowing out from this sacred institution were entirely absent.

BENIJAH BIGELOW.

Where It Fell.

"I thought you were working on Jay Krank's new house," said a house painter's friend.

"I was goin' to," replied the house painter, "but I had a quarrel with him, and he said he'd put the paint on himself."

"And did he do it?"

"Yes, that is where he put most of it."—Philadelphia Press.